

THE PRAIRIE LUMBERMAN

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THE WESTERN RETAIL LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION



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Special! Extra!!

Convention Luncheon Number of the
Prairie Lumberman

Let us give E. W. Beatty
a big hand.
A big, wholesome welcome.



THE BETTER YOUR SERVICE — THE BIGGER YOUR BUSINESS.



BUILD *and* S(L)AVE

Our Knocked-Down Houses, Ready-Cut, Drawn and Quartered, will make the Doctor your friend and put you on good terms with the Undertaker.

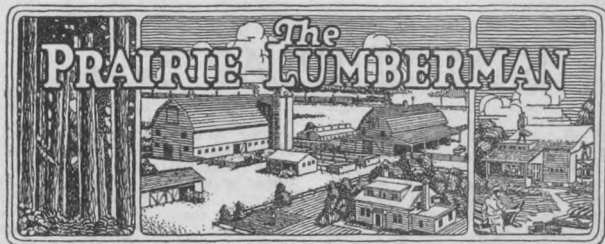
Our "Cold Storage" houses will give you Thrills, Chills and Bills. Why go outside for zero weather? No windows needed; you can save this extra unnecessary expense because daylight pours in on all sides at all times.

SPECIAL!

Our cross-word puzzle plans go with every house.

Yours for Bitter-Built Houses,

ALL-IN LUMBER COMPANY



EDITORIAL SPLATTER

Well, here we are again, gathered together for the 37th time. Our president in his very fine address expressed the hope that we would make the most of this three-day gathering and get right down to serious drinking—thinking, I should say. After that party last night given by our good friends who manufacture hardwood plaster, the editor of this publication makes no bones about stating that he for one did all his serious drinking last night and is in no shape today for either drinking or thinking. Never again will I accept the kind hospitality of any plaster manu-

facturers, because deep down they are selfish. They not only want to see their products used on the structural elements of this great building age, but they seem to think that the human element should be plastered as well. However, thank God that's over! Now, if we can hold out until tonight when Harry Turnbull let's these Wild Cats, ~~Pole~~ Cats and every other kind of Cat loose we will congratulate ourselves on still being alive and ready to enter the final day. Oh, boy, such a headache, and sick, oh, boy, excuse me—I must beat it!

SAM SHIPLAP Says:

It's all very well for this here Secretary of ours to git us in to these Conventions and tell us he'll reserve a good room in the hotel, an' all this Convention pullin' stuff, but, by heck, the next time he sticks me in a room next to these Boyd Brothers Gold Dust Twin Noisemakers on one side and on t'other side a guy by the name of Wentz, who sounds as if he's operatin' an All-Night Suckers' Club or some t' other Sleepless Enterprise, I'll complain to the management. Why, last night the house tective had the gall to wake me up to find out if I was asleep and then told me I must have a woman in my room I was actin' so quiet. D'jever hear of anything to beat his gall. I don't mind stickin' 'round till nine o'clock with the gang, but after that I'm thru.

Then a guy who calls himself a salesman, I think his name is Raymond; anyway he is always snoopin' 'round fur a drink. Well, I jist told him where to git off at. He seems to be a useless thing anyway. He had another feller with him last night just after the Smoker was over. I think he called him Mannin or Harold, I jist forgit

which. Well, say, he wus sure lit up like a Roman candle. Sed he wus the only honest retailer on the map. I know he bragged an awful lot about himself. I thought he never would leave my room. I gess he'd a been there yet if some t'other booze artist by the name of Sherry or Merry hadn't called in. This Sherry feller has been in my room a lot tryin' to sell me some stucco. I told him he bet'er sell that crap to the Eskimos. He's 'nother red face who hates himself.



He's 'nother red face who hates himself.



He had another fellow with him last night

He dragged round some other old bean who sed he wus from the City of Great Possibilities. Sed his name was Argue. Gess he was trying to kid me, but the big fat bum met his match with me. I never did see such a tuff crowd as they wus. Jist before they left 'nother tuff lookin' bird stuck his head in the door and asked if the guy who owned the room was buyin' a drink. I told him to come in as he was no worse than what was already there. They called him Fuller, but if he wus any fuller than he wus, he'd sink. Well, I finally got rid of this gang and if I'm not disturbed tonight, I gess I kin stick it out to the end.

Now YOU Tell One

Geo. Carson, busting in Charlie Goodyear's room last night:—

"Shay, Charlie, help me fin' my hat."

"Why, George, it's on your head."

"Zasso," replied George. "Well, then, don't bother, Charlie, I'll find it myself."

* * *

Bob Scheldrup to his wife:—"If I can't get home the day after the Convention I'll send you a telegram, dearie."

Mrs. Scheldrup:—"Don't bother, Bob, I've read it already. I found it in your coat pocket yesterday."

* * *

"Ouch," cried George Hayward, "I bumped my crazy bone."

"Oh, well," consoled George Bowker, "comb your hair right and the bump won't show."

* * *

Lester Frost had a pet parrot, but, like most parrots, could not be trusted as to the proper use of language, and as a result Lester always put a cloth around the parrot's cage every Sunday when the minister came to the house for the customary Sunday afternoon tea. One Wednesday, however, Lester's good wife just happened to be looking out the window and noticed the minister approaching the front door. To take the usual precaution she hurriedly put the cloth around the parrot's cage. No sooner had the minister entered the house than Mr. Parrot shouts out, "This has been a hell of a short week."

* * *

While Jack Thorpe was passing by the insane asylum in Winnipeg last fall he noticed a man daubing a dry paint brush on a box and at the same

time reading a racing form. "What is that?" asked Jack. "That's a program of today's races," said the painter, still daubing the dry brush, "and if you go to Polo Park be sure to bet on 'Backfire.'"

Jack thought he would take the hunch, so beat it out to the Park and placed a big bet on "Backfire." "Backfire," however, finished a poor third. On his way home Jack saw the same guy who gave him the tip in the same spot and going through the same tactics with the dry brush.

"Well," said Jack, "I bet on 'Backfire' and lost all my dough. I thought you said it was a sure thing?"

The man gave a loud laugh and turning to Jack said, "Get a brush."

* * *

The High River Culture Club held a debate a short while ago on the following subject: "Does Drinking Embalming Fluid Make You Dead Drunk?" The debate came to a sudden end when it was learned that R. Skov drank up all the illustrations.

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One night after a party Doug McNicol lost his sense of direction, and most of the skin of his nasal, while wandering hopelessly through a wooded beauty spot in an effort to reach home. He ran slap bang into a tree which a second before seemed to be at least ten feet to his right. Making a fresh start he bumped into another tree, a third effort and he ran into still another tree and sat down exhausted. As the tears and blood streamed down his cheek he was heard to sob brokenly: "Losht — Losht — Losht — in an impen'trable foresht!"

A Little Birdie Told Me So



Charlie Dure placed orders last year for 200 carloads at the lowest price offered all year and got seven of them delivered.

* * *

Theo. Sparks sold 100 grain elevators and made the handsome profit of 39 cents.

* * *

Bill McIlrath proposed to 59 girls in one year without being hooked.

* * *

A. K. Godfrey gazed at his caddy indignantly. "A driver for this hole? Only 160 yards? Why it's just a mashie and a putt for me." Confidently A. K. stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand, "Chug!" The ball dribbled off the tee amid an eruption of dust clouds. There was an instant's silence, then "now for a helluva long putt," came from the caddy.

Bill Galvin has one of the most expensive rugs on his office floor of any General Manager in Winnipeg. He got it with Old Chum smoking tobacco coupons.

* * *

Bob Gourley is the only G.M. who, so far, has dared to wear a stiff hat.

* * *

A. K. will receive again the night of the dance in the same old stand on the 8th floor. Admittance by credentials only.

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Harry McWilliams will give his conception of the "Black Bottom" the night after the dance.

* * *

Tom Dunn invites all to sample his "Ten-Test" in liquid form. Visit Room 666 for free samples while it lasts.

* * *

Walter Thorn made 72 trips to Winnipeg last year. The girl's name has been kept quiet.

Our Members Ask Questions

Picked Out of the Editor's Question Box



SAM BOWMAN asks:—"What is more important, a man's wife or his trousers?"

EDITOR:—"There are lots of places a man can go without his wife, Sam."

* * *

BILL KIRSCH asks:—"I'd like to be cremated when I die. What do you think of the idea?"

EDITOR:—"May be all right, Bill, but your wife may kick about your leaving your ashes around."

* * *

WALTER THORN asks:—"What is your idea of a soft job?"

EDITOR:—"Being manager of a chain of barber shops in the House of David."



FRED SINE asks:—"Is it true that when bald-headed men go to see a musical show they always sit in the front row?"

EDITOR:—"I don't know. I never turned around to notice."

* * *

A. S. PETERSON asks:—"Is there any outstanding feature about the new Ford car?"

EDITOR:—"I believe it has a Jew's harp instead of the regular horn."

* * *

ARCHIE KENNEDY asks:—"Can you give me the name of the latest Scotch song?"

EDITOR:—"Let the rest of the world go buy."

* * *

Monty Stout, who is always on the lookout for an argument, sat down next to a clergyman on a street car one morning. Anxious to start something, he turned to the clergyman and said: "I won't go to heaven because there is no heaven." The clergyman paid no attention and again, in a much louder voice, Monty repeated his statement.

The clergyman this time turned to Monty and quietly said: "Well, go to hell, but be quiet about it!"



Some Embarrassing Moments



When the G.M. arrives at your town unexpectedly and finds you playing a game of pool.

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When you have been telling what you think of the boss and find out you have been talking to his son.

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When you creep up to your wife, put your arms around her to surprise her and it isn't her at all.

* * *

When you have spent fifteen minutes trying to explain about silos to a fellow who wrote a book about them.

When you invite a half-a-dozen into your room to have a drink and have only enough left in the bottle for one.

* * *

When you are dancing with a girl and ask her who the old "fogey" is she nodded to and she tells you it's her husband.

* * *

When you are invited into a room and find your G.M. there with a beautiful "glow on."

* * *

When you arrive at the morning session of the Convention after shooting crap all night.

How's she Loggin'?

Frank Harris says it is better to have loved and lost than be the victim of a breach-of-promise case.

* * *

Harry Turnbull says it's the excess of supply over demand that makes talk cheap.

* * *

Bill McIlrath says if women had more sense there would be more bachelors.

* * *

Bill Woolley says, "She may be only a photographer's daughter, but my, how she could expose."

Bill Stubbs says the world has gone all to the "Bow-Wows."

* * *

Jack Jennings says the Scotch are now swallowing their food whole to save their teeth.

* * *

George Sillers says, "What the lumber business needs is more sharpshooters and fewer crapshooters."

* * *

Roy Robert says, "A husband is a sweetheart with the nerve killed."

* * *

Pete Agnew says, "A home is where the stork isn't."

WELCOME, MANUFACTURERS!

We certainly extend our hand of welcome to our manufacturer friends who have taken the time to come to Winnipeg and enter into the spirit of our annual gatherings. We appreciate it more so because you know these fellows really cannot afford the cash outlay that is required to come this far. Oh, yes, these chaps are very poor, you know. Some have been this way for over 20 years, but being lovers of nature and the thrills connected with their activities, they carry on for the love of it and the love they have for the retailers. As a matter of fact, they don't want to make any money. All they want is to hear the buzz of the sawmills and the pleasure they get out of seeing the retailers prosper. Well, we will hear their hard luck stories again this afternoon, after which the hat will be passed around to make sure the boys will be able to get back home and go to work again for us.



"Slim" McWilliams
shakes a
nasty toe.



Can't this
Walter
Thorn
Charlston?

Oh, boy! Tomorrow night just cast your optics on these tall slim and short plump shieks. Talk about the "Charlston" and "Black Bottom," but the "Hug-me-tight" is the lumber-jack's favorite pastime.



Let's Work Together

We ship direct to the consumer, but we are your friend just the same. That is why we ask to co-operate with you. We know you operate a lumber yard and carry a complete stock and give genuine service, but we want to sell you when we are unable to sell whom you are trying to sell. Get the point? You work with us and we will work with you (we don't think). Remember, there is strength in unity, even amongst fish.

Can we depend on your co-operation?

Kon-Sum Lumber Company

✓

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING?

Surely Not

You are operating a retail lumber yard? Naturally, you are in this business for profit? Your profits are governed by volume and volume has to be created? Therefore, is not any activity that has for its object the creation of a greater use of wood products worthy of every retail lumber dealer's support? Surely you don't want to benefit at the expense of others? Are you contributing towards our Co-operative Advertising Campaign?

*We Simply Ask You
the Question*